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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1913.

A POSSIBLE FRANKENSTEIN.

The German government is slow in learning—has it seems, never learned—what Great Britain learned generations ago, and has consistently practiced to immense advantage in building and cementing the imperial British fabric. And that is, that the mailed fist cannot compel loyalty and affection in conquered provinces and peoples.

The failure of official Germany to grasp the British lesson and profit by it, and the bitter consequence of that failure, are strikingly illustrated in the troubles in Alsace, where a few days ago arbitrary military methods resorted to on account of a trivial "insult" to the German uniform, and a subordinate German officer, who took himself and his responsibilities too seriously, brought on a clash between the garrison of a little town and the civilians. The incident in itself was of little moment. It was a mere pyre cast into a pool.

But it has stirred depths of resentment, consequent upon nearly half a century of repression and overbearing distrust, and set in motion a widening circle of influences. It takes little discernment to foresee, may be most far-reaching as bearing on the German governmental system, if not on German solidarity. It afforded opportunity for, and incitement to, that increasing element in Germany which is growing restive under Prussian militarism, to give vent to their restiveness. This was done in the Reichstag in an overwhelming vote of "no confidence" in the ministry.

Of course, this may not necessarily have any effect upon the complexion of the ministry—any, immediately, upon the imperial government—since the ministers are responsible not to the representatives of the electorate, but to the imperial power. Were it otherwise, as is the case in Great Britain, the ministry would already be a thing of the past; yet the vote coupled as it was with violent denunciation, was symptomatic of a widespread feeling of revolt against the arrogance of military caste. It cannot but stimulate popular demand for a responsible ministry.

Moreover, the Reichstag holds the purse strings, and the temper of the body, as it reflected public sentiment, promises the possibility that some future lower house will refuse to vote armament appropriations, thus sapping the very foundation of the German structure—the security of military invulnerability.

Another ominous phase of the matter is that, apart from the affair having intensified the spirit of revenge in the hearts of the French, not only in Alsace-Lorraine, but throughout the French republic, the action of the Reichstag cannot but encourage the hope of emancipation and recovery of the lost territory.

To the credit of Emperor William be it said, he appears to have been wiser than his "government," for he has ordered the transfer of the garrison of the town in which the trouble occurred, and prompt investigation of the case by court-martial proceedings. But he has come too late to lay the ghost of German internal discontent and French endeavor, that seems to be shaping on the horizon of the future, and drive a stake through its heart?

This is the broader question evolving out of the incident and situation, and it vitally concerns not only Germany, but all of Europe. The answer is in the womb of time; it may be not distant time. Let it be hoped it will not prove that the German Mars, as embodied in Prussian military arbitrariness, is a Frankenstein.

Professor Marcus Cicero Stephens Noble, the new president of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly.—*Raleigh Times.* Some classic to that fellow!

The Prince of Wales, who is a student at Oxford, has learned to play bagpipes. How the fellow-student in the next room must love his horn!

Harvard University is said to be disgraced because Japs and Hindus speak better English than native Americans. "English as she is spoken" at Harvard is almost as unintelligible to the average outside as Chigasas in Charleston.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels from Iowa Home, added to the talents cordial between Virginia and North Carolina when, in reference to Woodrow Wilson, he said at Norfolk Wednesday night: "It is I started to say remarkable—I withdraw the word—it's natural; it's in accordance with history and precedent that when this American republic takes long step forward, a Virginian should be at the helm."

North Dakota has passed a law forbidding the sale of snuff. The emigration to North Dakota from Texas, the land of the snuffers, will stop absolutely.

During this off-season, why not pin on a series of contests for the checker championship of the Old Dominion?

COMMON SENSE AND THE CITY WATER.

The constant recurrence of questions as to the city water indicates one fact very plainly—that there is great need for the application to the city water of a considerable amount of common sense.

The facts in the case, while probably familiar to our readers, may well be reviewed. Established many years ago, when the city was relatively small and when James River was only slightly polluted, our Water Works gave a fairly satisfactory, though muddy supply. As the city grew westward, it passed the intake of the supply and exposed the water to pollution from the homes of our own citizens. During the same period the pollution from cities and towns above us increased until some improvement was an absolute necessity.

After several years of study and experiment, the Settling Basins were designed, and after several more years of waiting were put into operation. Under the management of the then superintendent, Mr. Bolling, and under the direct operation of Chemist Ezekiel, this system was for a time eminently successful. Careful studies by the Health Department showed the water to be pure; the number of cases of typhoid was reduced by 60 per cent.

Then began a second period of expansion, an expansion so rapid that only the real foresight shown in planning the Settling Basins kept them from being too small by the time they were completed. From 1906 to 1910 our population grew from 87,000 to 127,000—almost 50 per cent in five years. Meanwhile, also, Mr. Bolling had been promoted to be City Engineer, and Mr. Ezekiel had been succeeded by a new man.

Three years passed. New expansion took place, new demands were made upon our water supply. Some months ago came the warning of a small outbreak of typhoid fever. And on the heels of this we have assurance that the existing plant, as at present operated, is near its capacity.

City water is at present safe and reasonably abundant. But the whole situation presents to us all, and to the Administrative Board in particular, a serious and a growing problem. We own the plant as citizens, we operate it by our taxes; our health and lives depend upon its proper maintenance. We must, therefore, study the problem sensibly, sanely and deliberately, and we must plan for the future needs of the city with judgment and foresight. As we must rely on the James River for our supply, we cannot be too careful. We must have a competent expert at the Settling Basins, and we must have a superintendent who will be vigilant of the city's needs. Above all else, we must have a definite program for keeping our supply at the highest possible degree of purity and of developing it in advance of the city's growth.

This leads us to suggest a few questions for the consideration of the Administrative Board:

Are our Water Works now being operated at the highest possible standard?

Are the Settling Basins being supervised as thoroughly as they were a few years ago?

Is the board satisfied that we have in the Water Department that technical proficiency demanded by the situation?

Is the board, in making studies of the James River, at work on a general policy of development, or is the board merely dabbling with a single aspect of the subject?

Is the board, in short, bent on applying more chemicals or more common sense to our water problems?

TO ONE COAT—\$22,000.

From a recent New York paper a member of our staff clipped this advertisement of a furrier's sale:

Russian Sable Coat, 164 Skins, formerly \$32,000, now \$22,000, Fifth Avenue.

We confess to have rubbed our eyes at first sight of this card. It seemed so unbelievable that we almost agreed with a friend, who shook his head as he read the advertisement and announced, "There ain't that much money."

Think of what this coat will represent when it is worn to the opera by some New York woman—for we dare say the prohibitive price demanded will insure a ready buyer.

The Russian sable is the most fugitive of all fur-bearing animals, and in the despite of trappers in Siberia the skin is most lustrous in the winter, when the haunts of the animals are covered with many feet of snow. Thus every skin represents days of struggle through the ice, nights of shivering under frosty skies, and long, nerve-tiring walks, where every step is a burden. As a trapper is fortunate to get two sable skins during a winter's toil, a small army of men have toiled a season to prepare this coat.

Then, too, as much as we dislike pedantic scruples, we can but think of the probability that sanctions the expenditure of a fortune on a garment. That thirty-five thousand dollars, which the furrier mentions so simply in his advertisement, is more than the life earnings of an artisan, more than the energy received for five years' literary work, more than goldsmith, Dryden and Pope combined ever earned with their pens more than a minister of the gospel has as remunerative for the services of his soul our years. What a day it is when a single garment costs a thoughtless woman more than the great body of her wealthier sisters have with which to peer all their children!

There's nothing new under the sun. Fifty years ago, just about this time, the Confederate Congress met in Richmond to wrestle with the currency problem.

State regulation has gone another step forward. The Tipton, Tenn., Advertiser says that Mr. Higginson is now a State Tax Inspector.

STELL ME A STORY.

We know of no more interesting and appealing work in the city than that of the Story-Tellers' League, which has just finished its second year with the achievement of much, and the promise of more.

What is their work? It is to gather the children about you—it matters not whose children they are, or what their race—and to whisk away with them to the castles in Spain. It is to speak to those who "believe in belief" and in love and in beauty and in all the unseen things of life. It is to take the mask of formality from the realities of life and to show to sympathetic listeners how a strange little sprite lodges in a flower, how the fairies dance in the dew, and how, just beyond the vision of older people, there is a world of wondrous witchery, where only children can live.

What is their work? It is to give to youthful minds their first knowledge of the great heroic figures of song and story. It is to tell them how Roland wounded his horn, how the Black prince served King John of France, how Bayard led the advancing columns, how Du Guesclin, the unsightly dwarf, was the noblest knight of his days. It is to make children know aright those stolid characters whom the greatest writers of the age have made immortal.

What is their work? It is to point young souls to pure fables and to keep alive in childhood that idealism that makes for righteous manhood. It is to exhort that the Maid of Orleans won fame because she looked to God; it is to teach them why the strength of childhood was as the strength of ten.

The first of these Fair Havens is a firm faith in God. He who can say, "Thou art a place to hide me in," he who can cry with Moses, "Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations;" is the man who fears neither the roaring storm without nor the fierce, tempestuous waves, for he is in the Fair Haven of Faith; he has put his trust in the Lord. When then shall he fear?

Next, the Church of Christ is a Fair Haven. Brethren, have you met with a great sorrow? Bring it to the church, and take it to the Lord in prayer, as Hezekiah did when he spread out his letter in the temple. Have you encountered loss or bereavement? Have you fallen into great temptation? Confess your sins, come to your church, say to your Heavenly Father, "I have come home, though I am no more worthy to be called Thy son. Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner."

To our mind this is the missionary endeavor of a broad, true culture. And as such it deserves the hearty support of all the educated people of Richmond. Instead of the 100 who come to the annual report of the able president, Miss Lucy Singleton Coleman. She shows that from the Story-Tellers' League volunteers have gone to the hospitals, to the orphanages and to the parks, and there have granted that pica all of us have heard, "Tell me a story."

Had not you better join, Mr. Reader, and find happiness in living once more in the world of the little children?

ENCOURAGE THE BOY FARMERS.

One thousand Georgia corn club boys poured into Atlanta last week to attend the annual corn show. They came not upon their own initiative, but as the guests of the people of the Georgia capital, in whose homes they are being entertained and cared for.

The girls of the tomato clubs are receiving like consideration. An official of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company supplied homes for twenty-five boys.

The young exponents of increased agricultural production had given in their honor a special dress parade by the Seventeenth United States Infantry, at Fort McPherson; they had provided for them a special moving picture show at the opera-house, at which illustrations of the agricultural advance were shown, and an address made by the State Commissioner of Agriculture. On the second day, the prize awards to the corn club boys were made in the hall of the House of Representatives. The president of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce presided, and talks were made by the chancellor of the University of Georgia, the State Superintendent of Education, the expert of the United States Department of Agriculture in charge of the corn club work in Georgia, and the president of the State College of Agriculture. Diplomas were delivered to the eighty-five corn club boys who made 100 bushels of corn or more to their acre. In the afternoon came the annual corn show parade, headed by a number of military organizations, and including forty or more canning club girls in automobiles, 1,000 corn club boys and 3,000 Atlanta schoolboys, who were followed by the Mayor, the City Council, city officers, State officials and officers of the Chamber of Commerce.

Richmond should adopt a similar plan. The corn club boys and the tomato club girls have received some formal attention of late here, but not on the lines that Atlanta has followed for two years. It is very much to our interest to do what we can to encourage and aid the development of such a show.

And, last of all, for God's true servant, there remains the Fair Haven of death where there is rest for the soul and rest for the body. The good old English word, "grave," means keeping. It is a blessed thought that our poor, tempest-tossed and weary bodies will rest beneath the grass, safe or sorrow. But our sickness and our grief should be to us a Fair Haven where we may learn to say, "They will be done."

God has work for those who cannot fight at the front. He puts them in a Fair Haven and teaches them patience. He shows them how to say, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

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Now that Sulzer has quit the Chautauqua, why not put on Victorian Huerta?

Governor Cole Beasley of South Carolina says he will make every man who says anything against him apologize or fight. If he successfully takes on everybody who won't take it back, he'll be the biggest "White Hope" in history.

Stewart Edward White, the author, writes from Africa that he killed four lions at the same time, but then he knows he's safe, for the judge of nature fakers it is in South America just now.

Let us evidence our grateful interest in the corn club boys and tomato club girls so that we may make plain to them our perception of that fundamental fact stated by the President of the United States Tuesday, when he said in his first annual message to Congress: "Our thoughts may ordinarily be concentrated upon the cities and the hives of industry, upon the cities of the crowded market place and the clangor of the factory, but it is from the quiet interspaces of the open valleys and the free hillsides that we draw the sources of life and of prosperity, from the farm and the ranch, from the forest and the mine."

Huerta's lottery for military service probably has the virtue that it certainly no blanks.

If you observe any of the sporting fraternity very gloomy this morning, remember that the football season is over, and that there is no baseball for four months.

If General Carranza really wants to make trouble for Huerta, why doesn't he organize a league of militant subversives in Mexico City?

FAIR HAVENS.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"So He bringeth them unto their desired haven"—Ps. cxv. 39.

When St. Paul, the prisoner of the Lord, was on his voyage to Rome, he came to a place called "The Fair Haven." There was no luxury in traveling on the ocean in those days. A voyage that required only a few hours now took days or weeks then. And so to the weary and old apostle it must have been a very pleasant sight to see the Fair Havens, and the beautiful sheltered bay, where the wind-tossed ship could anchor in safety.

All of us may not put out to sea, but all of us make the voyage of life. All of us are tossed by the waves of this troublesome world, and all of us meet with storms and tempests, difficulties and dangers, rocks and quick-sands.

No more beautiful promise was ever made than that in which God declares to His people that His mercy has provided harbors of refuge, Fair Havens—"He bringeth them to their desired haven."

The first of these Fair Havens is a firm faith in God. He who can say, "Thou art a place to hide me in," he who can cry with Moses, "Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations;" is the man who fears neither the roaring storm without nor the fierce, tempestuous waves, for he is in the Fair Haven of Faith; he has put his trust in the Lord. When then shall he fear?

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Another Fair Haven is God's word. We may have trouble in our home, but there is no home so small in which there is not a room or corner where we can pray, and that is a safe place; that is a harbor of refuge; that is our Fair Haven.

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